

Winter, or Smiles of Benevolence.

(Sold at No. 41, Long-Lane.)

NOW Winter, with its piercing train,
Of logs and damps, of flocks and rain
Sharp nipping frost, bleak wind, and drifting
snow,
What must the poor and needy undergo?

CHORUS.

Compassion rouse, ye generous, kind and free
Assist the poor now extremity.

Now tender pity she behold's
The poor in want, and pinch'd with cold,
From house to house for bounty now she
roams,
And for the poor she brings her blessings home

For the winter has been so severe,
And every thing so scarce and dear,
A pensive thought must strike the feeling
breast,

And rouse compassion to the poor distress'd.

To the city now great praise is due,
For their pious purposes in view,
To aid the poor relief is spread,
Supplies their wants in coals and bread.

And in the out parishes around,
Their bounty's now with honour crown'd,
Bread and coals in price so very high,
At the lowest rates the poor they now supply.

To the needy poor o'erwhelm'd in grief,
This surely gives a great relief,
For should the bounteous hand withhold,
The poor would pine with want and cold.

Collecting now each parish thro',
God bless the gifts and givers too,
Reward them for their piousness,
And give a blessing to their friends.

May heaven on our nation smile,
Preserve great George to rule the Isle,
And guide his councils with success,
True British glory to possess.

God speed the plough, the loom and sail,
May corn and harvest never fail,
Keep far our foes, and trading may increase,
And conclude the wars with lasting peace.